Who You Slidin' Wit'

Big L

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, what's the deal, miss?
I'm sayin though, let me know somethin' right now
You know we been dancin' all night
I been buyin' you drinks all night an' shit
You goin' home with a nigga or what? Tell me somethin'What up, miss, who you hidin' wit?

Who you slidin' wit? Who you ridin' wit?

We can jump in the SL

Rent a room at the best 'tel

I make it last 'cause I sex wellWhat up, miss, who you hidin' wit?

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I make it last 'cause I sex wellHenn, Rock an' Alize, I get drunk off

What up, miss? Get wit a real man an' cut that punk off

Everythang gon' be alright

I been watchin' you watch me all nightI asked honey her name an' she told me Celeste

She had big breasts, honey had me harder than a Spanish test

We on the dance floor, gettin' our boogie on

I see the haters watchin' me with they hoodies on Tryin' to peep the ice under the sleeve

I'm like, It's time to breeze, told honey, Let's leave

Took her to Ema G's, got some eggs an' cheese

Grits, fishcakes an' orange juice, freshly squeezedWhen she finished her meal, I said, What's the deal

For real, you goin' home or you tryin' to chill?'

She got close, whispered somethin' slow in my ear

An' it ain't hard to tell where we goin' from hereWhat up, miss, who you hidin' wit?

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I make it last 'cause I sex wellI ain't on that hatin' stuff, I was feelin' shorty

Then the bitch told me she was datin' Puff

I'm a average nigga, then she said she was in the 6

My relationship with that nigga called JiggaI'ma compete with that, I'm a corner nigga, sellin' crack

Guess, I gotta be a ballplayin' nigga to bone Da Brat

One bitch, I ain't even wanna fuck

She runnin' around, all open off KuruptThe hoe, I thought, was gon' be real easy

Told me she got a man

An' he's some beatmakin' nigga named Stevie

What's wrong with these hoes? I'ma fly nigga

I don't wanna go Flipmode to Rah DiggaOr Miss Lopez, bitch, no Feds

She used to be in the Bronx, rockin' Pro Keds

With some Dominican 'dro heads, ridin' on top this

On the back of mopeds, titties all out, what, what? What up, miss, who you hidin' wit?

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I make it last 'cause I sex wellIs yo' game rusty? Around yo' dame, never trust me

'Cause soon as you blink, I'ma slide her off, then bust three

An' I only lay pipe to dimes

A lot of niggaz, I know are takin' care of kids that might be minesI love to go low, I'm freaky like that

I never get caught creepin' 'cause I'm sneaky like that

It ain't my fault your girl be hoe-hoppin'

An' matter of fact, the last time you gave her loot to go shoppin'Honey picked me up some dope shirts

It's because of me why she's walkin' crooked an' her throat hurts

I hate to wait 'cause I'm not on the patient tip

Just hit me off, we don't need a relationship An' when you mention my name, it ring a bell

Ask any female, nobody do it like L

I met this chick Rhonda, who pushed the black Honda

Took her to the crib an' bombed her

With this big brown anacondaWhat up, miss, who you hidin' wit?

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I make it last 'cause I sex wellFlamboyant Entertainment
NFL, 139, Lenox Ave, Harlem shit
That's how we do, yeah

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